CHURCHILL:

AN

ELEGY.

BRISTOL:

Printed by S. FARLEY, in *CASTLE-GREEN.*

MDCCLXV.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

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DE

CHARLES

V.

CHURCHILL: An Elegy.

GREAT CHURCHILL dead! ye weeping Muſes come
And hang with ſweeteſt Wreaths your Fav'rite's Tomb;
The Pow'r of Song, alas! how vain to ſave,
How vain to reſcue from the *ſilent* Grave!
Silent there lies the Tongue, that ſang ſo ſweet,
Enrich'd with all the Charms of tuneful Wit,

Scorning the oily Smooth of flatt'ring Art,
That prob'd by honeſt Truth the peccant Part,
That dar'd to point out Vice, tho' rob'd in State,
And goad with poignant Verſe the guilty Great;
Deſigning Stateſmen, with his Satire ſtung,
With Fear and Trembling heard, while CHURCHILL ſung;
His Strains flow'd freely for the public Weal,
What free-born *Britons* thought, he dar'd to tell;
Wag'd with Corruption an eternal War,
And ſhew'd the Villain's Heart behind a Star.
'Twas nobly done; let Sycophants exclaim,
Let ſilken Courtiers wound his well-earn'd Fame,
The patriot Peer, who liſts in Virtue's Cauſe,
Eſteems this "ſhining Supplement of Laws,"

Loves

Loves honeſt Zeal, when deaf to Int'reſt's Call,
It wants no Place, nor courts the vacant Stall.

This honeſt Zeal, alas, how rarely found!
Since Flatt'ry ſhed its poiſ'nous Bane around;
Flatt'ry, which chills the Poet's glowing Song,
And damps the Fervor of the Preacher's Tongue:
Oh now for CHURCHILL's Muſe, for CHURCHILL's Pen,
(But will a Cent'ry yield his Like again?)
To drag our *Kidgells* forth in fearleſs Rhimes,
And hang their Names on high to *ſtink* to after-Times.

'Twas thine, unequall'd Bard, to ſend the Dart
Of pointed Satire levell'd at the Heart,
To ſtrip the Trappings from or Knaves or Fools,
And boldly ſtigmatize Pride's ſordid Tools,
Who

Who look at *Lambeth* with ambitious Eyes,
And ſtoop, alas! too meanly ſtoop, to riſe;
Who think, ah periſh the Hell-gender'd Thought,
Promotion cannot be too dearly bought,
Tho' for the Purchaſe Heav'n itſelf is ſold,
And the Knee bent to idol Gods of Gold.

Forgive, ye Men of GOD, the Warmth that glows
Thro' deep Reſentment of our Churches Woes,
From thoſe, who on a Mother's Vitals prey,
Falſe Brethren, who the Cauſe, you ſerve, betray.

Ah why their heavenly Maſter's Liv'ry wear,
To proſtitute the ſacred Character;
In Forms they're decent, in the Exterior clean,
In vain, if the foul Miſchief lurks within.

Yes

Yes 'twas a CHURCHILL's Talent to diſplay
Theſe ſolemn Fopp'ries to the Glare of Day,
To paint the full-blown Follies of the Age:
O *Juvenal*, with thy ſeverer Rage,
To bid in lively Song the Figures riſe,
Tho' ſtrange miſhap'd ones ſometimes meet our Eyes,
When beyond Life the fervid Pencil ran,
And drew a Monſter, where he meant a Man.

But what avails, tho' all the Muſes play
Around the Bard, and deck his glowing Lay?
What tho' the Soul of Harmony inſpires,
Apollo favours, and true Genius fires?
If ſtain'd with fouleſt Blots, his vicious Life
Is with his Tongue at never-ceaſing Strife;

If

If while he mouthes aloud for Liberty,
No Gally-Slave is more in Bonds than he;
For tho' no Lacquey at a great Man's Board,
Ready to fetch and carry for my Lord;
He who is Paſſion's Slave 's a Slave indeed,
Nor can ſuch ſpeak from undue Bias freed,
Without ſome Heav'n born Principle at Heart;
His Zeal's Pretence, he only acts a Part;
We ſmile to ſee him all for Virtue warm,
We ſmile, when *Satan* cries, Reform, Reform.

Here, touch'd with tend'reſt Pity, let me mourn,
And drop a friendly Tear on CHURCHILL's Urn.
What robs of half their Force thy nervous Lays?
What blaſts the vernal Bloom of half thy Bays?

The World, tho' guilty, can their Force evade,
And ſcorn a Cure from ſuch Phyſician's Aid;
" Firſt heal thyſelf, thoſe *boaſted* Virtues try,
" Nor let thy Practice give thy Pen the Lie."
And now, illuſtrious Bard, what boots it now
Tho' the moſt blooming Lawrels deck thy Brow?
Ah what avails to be for Genius prais'd,
And high on Fame's bright Pinnacle be rais'd,
To live a fancied Life in others Breath,
When at the Door ſtands the great Teacher Death?
Death, that of Things th' intrinſic Value ſhows,
And the vile Cheats which Earth and Hell impoſe;
Detects th' ideal, marks the real Good,
And breaks the Air-blown Bubbles Men purſu'd.

Who then ſhall write? who guide ſtern Satire's Quill,
And bid the Caitiff's Heart its Vileneſs feel?
The Man in conſcious Goodneſs bold, who dares
To ſpeak plain Truth, unmov'd by Hopes or Fears,
Who walks ſecure, the ſharp Retort defied,
Securely walks, with Virtue by his Side:
He with his gen'rous Pen ſhall firmly ſtand
A Guardian Angel to his native Land,
Foe to its Foes, and to its Friends a Friend,
Skilful alike to cenſure or commend;
With Freedom cenſure Vice, tho' perch'd on High,
And give due Praiſe againſt the vulgar Cry.
See him diſdain to plead a *Wilkes*'s Cauſe,
Who means himſelf, while bawling for the Laws;

No Dupe to Party, but to Truth ſincere,
His firſt grand Point to keep his Conſcience clear.
A *B*---, tho' lodg'd within his Sovran's Breaſt,
Shall ſtand on Record as a Knave confeſt,
If for fair Freedom's Neck he forges Chains,
To future Times th' opprobrious Brand remains
In long-liv'd Verſe: Yes, 'tis the Bard can give
Thy Name in laſting Characters to live.

Mute be the tuneful Triflers, who can play
Ever inglorious in the *flow'ry* Way,
Tuning their Harps to viſionary Dreams
Of whiſpering Zephyrs, and of purling Streams:
What tho' the Colours of the Rainbow ſhine,
And Nature's gaudieſt Dreſs bedecks each Line?

Thoſe Colours ſoon ſhall, like a Shadow, fly,
And all their Fancy's gay Creation die.

Oh wou'd ſome Bard with CHURCHILL's Genius bleſt,
But more than CHURCHILL's Virtue in his Breaſt,
Bright Wiſdom's Child, ariſe and turn his Art
" From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart."
If Satire pleaſe him, may his Patriot Zeal
Be kindled only for the public Weal;
Nor from ſtern Pride, or mean Reſentment ſpring,
But where ſtrict Juſtice calls, direct her Sting,
That Sting which Vice, e'en daring Vice muſt dread,
And from which grinning Folly hides her Head.

But rather may the Bard with CHURCHILL's Fire,
Feel bleſt *Urania* all his Soul inſpire,

To

To ſing the Wonders of *Emmanuel*'s Love,
And train up Mortals for the Thrones above.
'Tis his to ſoar aloft, the ſacred Flame
Should to that Heav'n aſpire from whence it came;
Aſpire with kindling Raptures, and impart
The Warmth of true Devotion to the Heart:
All elſe is tinkling Sound, devoid of Senſe,
The empty Strains of ſweet Impertinence.

Ye favour'd of the Nine, like raptur'd YOUNG,
Awake to Truth, and ſolemnize your Song;
Oh emulate the glorious Choirs above,
Nor catch their Songs alone, but burning Love:
Thus while the Poet's heav'nly Strains ariſe
The pious Fervor fits him for the Skies:

He

He *is* what he deſcribes, and knows to paint
From *lively Feeling* the extatic Saint;
Praiſe he affects, but not the Praiſe of Men,
For the warm Sallies of his glowing Pen;
Enough, if GOD approves, his *Euge* giv'n
Imparts a bliſsful Antepaſt of Heav'n:
This, this his Glory, not that babbling Fame
Shall carry down the Stream of Time his Name,
But that it ſhall to endleſs Ages ſhine
In the fair Book enroll'd of Life divine.

F I N I S.

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